

THE PRELUDE

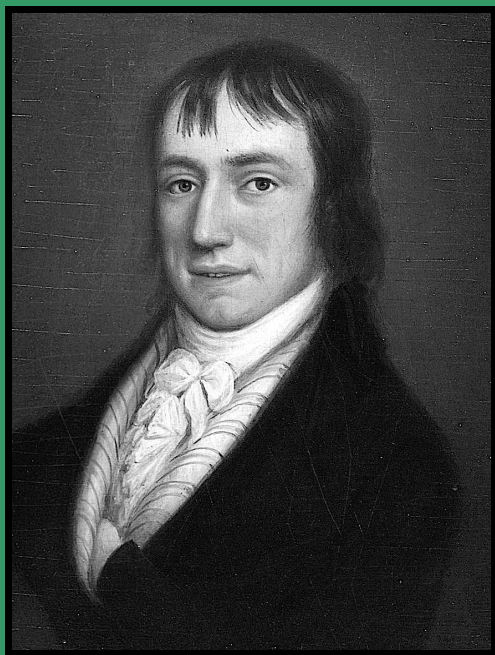
Or, I GET SMARTER:

A POEM ABOUT ME

by William Wordsworth

VOLUME IV

Of Fourteen: Summer Break



as Translated Into

Even-More-Boring-And-Trite by

Fast Sedan Nellson,

A Bloody Fucking Remarkable Translator, really, just ask practically anyone, mate (except for William Wordsworth)!!

Forward from the Publisher

For mainstream culture, William Wordsworth is one of the unassailable heroes of the English literary canon; for the dissenting underground, he is an apostate and a killer of poetic thought.

In his youth, he was a voice for democracy, both in his poetry and utopian activism. When this proved hard and depressing, he retreated to the Lake District with his friend Coleridge. There they wrote *The Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth's preface insisted that poets cease to play with language's untapped potential, and instead restrain themselves to the prosaic language of the "common man" who didn't like poetry anyway – what his translator Fast Sedan Nellson has respectfully dubbed "Boring-and-Trite". Wordsworth's poems live up to this ideal admirably.

Coleridge's, however, were interesting, dramatic, and used language in new ways. No good! Wordsworth, always capable of manipulating him, made him feel like shit about this, contributing to his "friend's" descent into addiction and depression.

By this time, Wordsworth had turned coat and was taking the King's coin to write paeans to Monarchy and War. Byron, Shelley, De Quincey and other progressives who'd once admired him declared themselves enemies. However, his vision of a whole literary world writing for the lowest common denominator lives on in today's MFA Workshop Programmes.

Sadly, it the lowest common denominator has shifted in the last 200 years, so F.S. Nellson is offering us this translation of Wordsworth's epic autobiography into the ***Even-More***-Boring-and-Trite, so Wordsworth's banal legacy can continue to live.

THE FOURTH PART

SUMMER BREAK

The sun was out when we walked
Across the moor
Together,¹ with a hill, where
By myself, like on a fort,
I saw Lake Windermere,
Kinda like a big river, right there.
Having fun, down there I saw
The lake, and some islands, and some hills, and some bays,
Which are pretty
Really fast,
Really cool, and pretty, and happy.
I ran downhill yelling
At the bloke who runs the ferry; there
Were echoes, and when he
Was ready, completely,
I didn't get on
Until I said hi.² Then really fast

1 It is unclear who he was with, but apparently they were ditched before reaching the hill; or, Wordsworth forgot, between line 3 and line 4, whether this important and fascinating memory, so vital to be preserved for posterity, occurred alone or in a group. A minor detail, to be sure.

2 In fact, as we discover in the next sentence, he did not get on the boat at all. It is unclear whether he really did say “hi,” or whether all (rather than half) of this banal incident was utterly pointless to say, since there was never any question of whether he got onto the boat *or* said hello to the ferryman, until Wordsworth felt honour-bound to inform us of one, or both, of these things never having happened. I am inclined to infer that he did in fact say hi, since otherwise there is no clear reason to bring the man up in the first place; but since there is clearly no reason to bring up not getting into the boat in either case, we are left with an unsatisfying lack of symmetry—unless, of course, young Wordsworth's failure to say hello was the *cause* of his not getting on the boat, due to a rule that he must *never* board the ferry *unless* he has said hello. Surely the ferryman's family must still regale each other with handed-down tales of this brush with a Great English Poet-to-be experienced (or closely missed) by their humble forebear. (Being a simple

I went back up the hill
 To the pretty valley I'm from;
 It was an hour away, then
 I saw the church on a hill
 Be really good, goodness
 Coming out of it.
 There's smog;
 I walk fast till I get
 Home and stop walking.
 To see me, even though she cried, maybe,
 My Nanny was happy, so really really nice,
 While she was proud at how special I am.³
 Thanks for everything
 Old Lady, who's dead now but great! Until I'm
 Dead I'll remember what your name is.⁴
 I hope God likes you where your corpse is
 Now that you're dead but were nice until then
 Although not very important, the calm stuff you liked
 Still going, after eighty years,
 As well as more than that, of easy living,
 Without any kids, but I loved her
 Almost like a mom.⁵
 I was happy to see you again,⁶
 And also your house, and lots of other stuff
 I liked that was there,
 That felt like it was mine!

man, we can assume he was a lover of Wordsworth's down-to-earth, everyday banter-in-verse). Perhaps some worthy doctoral candidate shall one day blacken a few reams of paper regarding this utterly boring-and-trite conundrum.

Or else, Wordsworth being an entitled, spoiled, upper-middle-class prick. . . ? . . . Nah.

- 3 A splendid example of Wordsworth's "common-man" syntactical construction.
- 4 Unlike his un-named companion who disappeared between lines 3 and 4.
- 5 Another syntactical morass; Willie's on a roll.
- 6 You, the reader, have just morphed into Wordsworth's nanny for a few lines.

Why am I droning droning on about boring stuff everybody
 Already is used to, and is the same for everybody?⁷
 The rooms, and yard, and garden were places
 I was in, and also the bench
 By a table under a tree,
 Where you could either work hard or dick around;
 And also the stream, which, in the part that was in
 Our garden, was,
 Like it was tricked,
 Was quiet and followed
 (Because that's what they're for)
 An irrigation ditch.
 I looked at it and was happy, and was still happy,
 And thought really hard, and then,
 "Ha!" I said, "You're there, pretty prisoner!"
 My asinine mind could have said,
 "That's how your life will be;
 When you're old and the identical days
 That you're all wrapped up in;"⁸ but my heart was big,
 Too big to be told off. My old Nanny
 Walked next to me; she didn't let me get lost;
 I was okay with it – no, I wanted it.
 – My neighbours' faces
 Were like a volume to me;⁹ I waved to some
 From the road, some at their jobs,
 Informal hellos shouted
 From far away.
 I distributed to old friends

7 Why indeed? A question that must recur incessantly to any reader of Wordsworth; unfortunately, rather than answer this question, he instead dives straight back into piling up banal details for us to slog through.

8 Wordsworth fails to provide a predicate for this sentence.

9 *Were like a volume to me* – while this was surely “everyday speech” to the farmers, goatherds, and workers who Wordsworth knew oh-so-well, it has proved surprisingly impossible to render into EMB&T. If we didn't know how Wordsworth loathed the creative use of language, we might almost suspect he had accidentally written something poetic here; but instead we must assume that the phrase is *so* clear and straightforward that it paradoxically *seems* like an actually poetic line.

Like recognitions,¹⁰ but was cold to them
And also, for sure, looking down on them,
But more ashamed, because of my clothes,
How things change with nice clothes.
I was also really happy to
Eat dinner: and, yo Dude!
In my plan to talk in a boring way about
Myself for a very long time, can I leave out
How much I liked
My own bed, maybe more
Than if I'd wanted it
Or wanted it,¹¹
The bed where I heard the wind
And rain, and
Stayed awake in summer and saw
The moon near
Trees, nearby;
At the same time the trees
Moved in the wind.

One of the friends I'd missed
And liked, was the dog
Who lived with us, a terrier;
Bred to hunt foxes
Where foxes are, but since we
Raised him, he didn't
Hunt.¹² And the first time
I got tired, and every day
I got the excitement,

10 Wordsworth forgets to tell us what it was that he “scattered”, while “recognitions” either refers to a definition not included in contemporary or historical dictionaries available to me, or is an instance of common-man Wordsworthian gobbledegook.

11 Lines 83 and 84 are entirely redundant semantically.

12 Note how, in order to perfectly mimic un-poetic speech, Wordsworth has artfully contrived to sprinkle this sentence with unnecessary punctuation where none is called for, thus muddling up his sentence and creating the illusion that his grasp of comma and semi-colon use is no better than the average 13-year-old writing a book report in EMB&T today.

The excitement, and the excitement¹³
Of poetry, making me feel stuff
Like I was in love but didn't want it, the dog
Watched me,¹⁴ because it was my pet,
Followed me around,
Even though it wasn't having
Fun, and wanted to go home.
Constantly when, all over,
I was writing really hard,
Not showing much for it, and¹⁵ suddenly
A really pretty image came
Into my head, all by itself;
Then I petted him
Really hard
And a lot.
And on the road in the evening
I walked, like a river
Talking to itself while other stuff
Is quiet,¹⁶ the dog walked ahead;
Usually; but when he saw
Somebody, he turned
And barked, and happy, I shut
Up, walked normally, and, like
Somebody normal, walked up
And said hi so nobody
Would talk shit about me, saying
I was crazy.

Those walks were nice –
I missed them! – that feeling, too, was one I felt,
But they were really nice,
And remembering them is nice

13 Wordsworth uses three synonyms, which may have passed in his own day's
Boring-and-Trite, but feels to interesting for Even-More-Boring-and-Trite.

14 A fascinating spectacle, surely.

15 This “and” serves no grammatical purpose; ignore it.

16 An example of the kind of shocking, stunning poetic image that Willie was
discussing eight lines ago.

A lot, and happy –
I remembered how nice they were
Like Spring is nice. The first time I took
Another walk,
If anybody's ever been happy,
I was happy,
Spread-out, calm, calm, calm.¹⁷
It was night, or evening, when I walked
Outside, and evening made it
Sad, not happy or calm,
Since it was cold, and tone-deaf;
But just like people are prettiest
When they're sad, or, however
They feel, are prettiest if
You love them; just like that is
How I was. My soul gently
Did a strip-show, and, different now, got
Naked, like she was hanging out with God.
I kept walking, while a heart felt better
Even though there was nothing wrong:
Stuff got stronger that wasn't weak in the first place,
Or it seemed not; and energy showed up
Like some kind of home invasion
Of being-tired-but-not-knowing-it. I took
The scale, and weighed myself.
– The stuff around me,
Not much, 'cause I was thinking, got paid attention to;
I forgot about it all; but on the inside I was excited
Very very much, was excited and calmed down,
Talked to promises, figured out a little
How immortal smartness has life inside it;
How the immortal soul is like God and can
Put stuff into stuff, make stuff up, and wake people up
Who are really sleepy; how in real life,
People, if they're

17 The meaning of “wide-spreading” (though doubtless properly banal in its day) is now obscure – almost poetic. It is possible that he intended it as a fourth synonym of “calm” (his thesaurus, perhaps, being deficient or poorly-assembled), thus creating a line of absolutely perfect fourfold-redundancy, symmetrically banal. Yet this hypothesis is tentative, and I have resisted the temptation to translate it thus.

Do-gooders, walk around all the time
Really really powerful automatically.
I also thought about calmer stuff, like love,
And being pure, and having vacations;
And quieter than the countryside, while doing
Really brave stuff, and dying in bed
Eventually, or famous, by putting up with a lot.¹⁸
Thinking about this stuff, I sat down in the woods
By myself, and kept thinking; while I thought
It got dark
Outside, and windy
So the lake got choppy,
And under the trees where I was sitting,
Up from the leaves,
In one spot, then another one, because of the wind
There was a sound like breathing,
Or panting,
Like my dog did;
I was tricked, when that happened, into thinking they were,
And turned around;
Then I thought about more stuff.

Around this time I also liked
People being alive, the repetitive tasks
Of chores I liked to watch other people do;
Lots of times I was surprised it was so peaceful,
As different as a garden when it's really hot
When I'd been gone for eight days. Because (not counting
The stuff that was the same but seemed
Different) in the middle of nowhere,
A small town where everyone knew everyone,
It was emotional to notice a tree or spot
Where some old geezer used to loiter,
But not now; babies who couldn't
Crawl, walking and talking
Next to their grandma;
And teenage girls whose prettiness, stolen
Along with hopes of getting to second-base, now

18 Wordsworth seems to have momentarily forgotten that he was trying to write coherent sentences.

Decorates an ugly estranged friend's cheek.¹⁹

Yep, I was smarter than them,
And smiled a lot
Like funny things often make you do;
I read, pointlessly, about the opinions, thoughts,
Of those lower-class people I liked to watch
So I knew more about them;²⁰ also
I watched the woodcutter work really hard,
And the shepherd work really hard. The best thing,
Really, was watching my old nurse;
Watching her go to church or run
Errands, dressed nice;
Short velvet cloak,²¹ (her bonnet made of that too),
Like Spanish knights
Used to wear. Her boring lifestyle,
Nice without being nervous,
The stuff she said, and did, was nice; and just as much
How she was pretty religious but not a bitch about it;
I felt different when I saw her read
The Bible when it was a hot Sunday afternoon,
And I liked the Bible, when she fell asleep
And used it for a pillow.

I also remember feeling,
A lot,
Anthropomorphizing the way I liked

19 This sounds not so much like a love-triangle as a love-non-euclidean hyperform, impossible to grasp with human (or at least EMBaT) syntax. I have attempted to preserve the tangled, ambiguous confusion of the original.

20 Why *talk* to people in person to learn their ideas, when instead you can simply be a voyeur to their labour, then go home and read academics describe what illiterate people they've never met presumably care about? This realization led Wordsworth to his great poetic innovation: building an entire oeuvre on the basis of condescending to the rural working-class that he watches work and toil on his daily pleasure-walks, whom he speaks for, claims to speak to, but never speaks *with*. Truly, an inspired choice for Poet Laureate of a monarchic oligarchy dressed-up as a pseudo-Democracy.

21 This clause is in EMBaT in the original.

The stuff that used to be all
I owned;
Which I liked a lot, just like how a ghost
Or Angel, if he lived here,
Would love stuff while being happy individually.
But now I thought about other stuff
About stuff changing, ego-stroking or being sorry,
Feeling sad! It spread out;
The trees, and mountains were sad too, and the rivers,
The stars, which I saw where they used to be in the sky –
The dogstar in the south,
Orion who has a belt, the Pleiades,
Who all kids are friends with,
And Jupiter, my favourite!
All the kinds of knowing about death,
All the stuff that has to do with death
That used to come be around the stars,
Were, mostly, not as nice: strong,
Deep, sad, and mean; bits and bobs
Of awesomeness or being scared, changed
When I grew up to being in love
Lots, and being happy and hoping for stuff.

Like someone about to capsize
A slow boat, which travels
In water, making himself feel better
By seeing
Stuff in the water,
Sees stuff which is pretty – weeds, fish, flowers,
Holes, rocks, roots, and stuff you make up,
But's confused a lot, and can't tell the difference
Between shadows and things, rocks and the sky,²²

22 Understandable; how many of us have looked outside on a gorgeous morning and exclaimed, “What a beautiful, sunny rock outside – er, I mean – is that a rock, or the sky? Oh! Sky, I mean, what a beautiful sunny *sky*...” or have tripped and exclaimed, “Damn! Who left the sky sitting in the middle of the barn?” only to be corrected by a friend, “actually, if you look closely, you'll see that it's a rock, not the sky.” “Aha!” you answered after closer inspection; “you're right! Still, same difference for all intents and purposes.”

Mountains and clouds, that are reflected
In the water, and stuff that's really underwater; now he sees
His own reflection a little, then a wave with the sunlight,
And the water is moving but he doesn't know where,
Problems that make him happy;
Lots and lots we did this fun thing
A duty over the past like it's a lake
That we're about as good at, and there were hardly ever
Nicer and clearer shapes
Than the ones this story, my bored friend,
Is about to blab on about some more. But even though
It was fun, and it made me really smart,
I was kind of sad – I really liked,
Really really liked all the stuff I always liked,
Lots more than I used to: but lots
Of cool ideas appeared, gawds,²³
And food and dancing, and having fun,
And sports and games (they were too thankful,
But not as thankful, I think,
Than they were shiny ways to show
I was manly and free)²⁴ worked together
To distract me from my quest
Of having fun,²⁵ to settle me down
And make me bored with wanting the same stuff as usual –
A wild, spiritual kid, who only cared
About himself. I would need
Talent, and too much time,
To say how conceited I was, and how my vanity made
In places you couldn't tell, until you could, they were there.
It seemed like my clothes
Made me weak, and made me stop
Forgetting who I was.

23 Apparently, “Gods” in vernacular. For a single word, Wordsworth became Robert Burns. No dice.

24 I have attempted to preserve Willie's convoluted, incorrect grammar within this parenthesis in my translation.

25 In this case specifically, his quest to zone out while hanging over the edge of a boat.

Yep, that shallow obsession
With shallow kinds of fun wasn't as nice
As books and nature for a kid.
I guess you could learn a few random things
About real life and how people are; but back then,
I didn't pay attention of manners at school.²⁶
And all my deep thoughts were about other stuff.
To bad I didn't get real smart
By working hard at it, and keep
Really wanting to be smart by calming down;
But, to make me glad I didn't,
I remember one thing that
Happened. In a big crowd
Of girls and boys and old geezers, and old ladies,
Lots of different kinds of people, I had
Danced all night, having fun, and also fun,
With loud music and dancing,
And stuff moving, and candles,
And small-talk;
People whose souls were stretchy²⁷, and some
Teenagers flirting,
Getting rather randy,
Hot and bothered.²⁸ By the time we were done,
It was morning, and also the sun
Was coming up, and we could see it, even from under trees
And out in the open fields,²⁹ which was on my way
Home. The morning was

26 It might *seem* as if the original, “manners put to school” might have some less literal, more figurative meaning; but since this is written by a Champion of the Language of the Common Man, we must assume that Wordsworth actually meant exactly what he said here.

27 Again, either we are to take Wordsworth literally here when he says, “spirits upon the stretch” or else his theoretical pronouncements about common speech are bullshit, which of course, can't be the case – therefore, their souls are rubbery.

28 Arguably the most exciting incident in the entire poem so far.

29 Then again, maybe *this* is the most exciting yet: being able to see the sun in from the ground!!!!

Really pretty, so pretty I remember about it,
Prettier than ever – in front of me
The pretty sea was far off; close to me,
The mountains were pretty, as pretty as clouds,
The colour of wheat,³⁰ while it was light outside;
And in the fields and valleys
The morning was really really pretty –
There was dew, and mist, and birds singing,
And working-class people going to work their arses off.

Yo, it's obvious, mate, that I was really
Happy; I didn't do shit for anyone else, but other people
Did stuff for me; I didn't know I was getting
Away with stuff,³¹ so I'd be, since otherwise I'd be bad,
A good guy. I kept walking
Being really thankful, and still am.³²

I was a bit cracked in the head back then,
Kind of happy and kind of sad,
Both solid and light,³³ stupid and extra smart;
Rude and lazy,
Hanging out in a big house and being spoiled.
I knew I was really special,
But was wasting it. Anyway,
That summer, when I had lots of ideas
That were pointless and lazy, had times
When Stupidity ran away from
Time,³⁴ and my mind was really

30 “Grain-coloured” is usually glossed as “crimson”, but since that would be obscure poetic language, it cannot possibly be what Willie had in mind; his own theory commands us to read this literally.

31 Or as the “common man” would apparently say, “bond unknown to me / Was given”.

32 Despite directly contradicting the previous line.

33 “Solid and light,” oddly, has no meaning in Boring-and-Trite, when applied to an abstract entity such as the Mind Of A Poetic Genius; since this can't possibly be a fancy-schmancy poetic metaphor, we are left with an empty phrase. If this arouses poetic feeling in you, the reader, please squelch them immediately, for Willie's sake.

34 Perhaps Time was wearing a halloween mask, or was dressed up as Theresa

Smart like back in the olden days when everyone
Could tell what God actually wanted,
With stuff or with people,
By being super smart, one by one or together.

When even though we're nice we've been acting like pricks
But it's the world's fault instead of ours, and get lazy,
'Cause the stuff that sucks sucks, and the nice stuff's boring,
Being alone, it's so nice, really nice;
Even imagining it is so great;
Most great when you think about it
With the right kind of bloke – like a hermit,
In the woods;
A religious dude (in a big church, that's
Empty, that nobody's ever seen before)
Praying; or the lighthouse
Keeper, next to the Atlantic ocean;³⁵
Or how you see the soul of that great Nobody-Around-ness
On a road dressed up like a person,
When, because it's night and nobody's around, it acts
Like a more smart kind of being-quiet
Than the area where there aren't any roads does.

Once, when summer
Was over, and it was Fall so people
Raced boats, lots of them,
On Lake Winander, a thing happened which was
That – after I walked out of a room with lots of flowers
(Which was inside, not in the dark, so I stayed there
Really late), my stress
Made me stay up up late since
I was lazy all day –
I walked home up a hill,
Where the road, until the top
Of the hill, had moonlight on it
And looked like a river

May.

35 Willie added all of this stanza through this line years after the rest of Book 4, supposedly so that the stanza's final five lines (written earlier) would make more sense. We leave it to the reader to adjudicate upon the success of this attempt.

Doing river-stuff and joining another river
That sounded like a river. Otherwise it was quiet out,
And nobody was around,
And except the river noises,
There was no noise – but, oi! Something ugly,
That walked on the road,
So close to me that, when I ran to hide
In the bushes, I could see him,
Even though he couldn't see me. He was tall,
Really tall, thin, and walked like a normal person; thinner
Than anybody that anyone ever saw ever.
He had long arms, pale hands; his mouth
Was really ugly; he was leaning on a milestone; I could tell
He was in an army uniform, which was old. Alone,
Without a dog, and no cane,
He stood up, and while he was wearing close
He looked messed-up, simple,
And the clothes that actually existed
Made him stand out like a weirdo. Using his mouth, soon,
He made quiet noises, like he hurt
Or was sad; But he kept
Standing up–his shadow
Was on the ground, & didn't move. I felt
Kinda bad, staring at him like that; finally
I became less of a wuss,
And got out of the bushes
And said hi to him. He got up
Slowly, and while being skinny
He gave me a
Salute; then sat
Back down; and when I asked
About him, the veteran, when he answered,
Didn't care much either way; but, kinda bored-sounding,
And quiet but not whiny,
Real proud that he kinda didn't care,
He talked about being a soldier –
That he'd fought to take over islands for the British Empire,
And got back three weeks ago;
That he was discharged,
And he was on the way home.
After that, I said, feeling sorry for him, “come over here.”

He bent down, and picked up
 A stick I didn't see –
 I guess he must have dropped it
 And it didn't move until he touched it again.³⁶
 Even though he was tired and suspicious, it didn't
 Seem to hurt to walk, and I stared at him,
 Pretty rudely because I was so surprised,
 Because he was next to me,³⁷
 And I just had to, while we were still walking, talk
 About things sucking first but then about the past sucking,
 And yap on about war, fighting, and disease,
 Asking lots of questions, which I shouldn't,
 About what it's like to kill people and be shot at.
 He was calm,
 With short answers; serious and holy
 Is how he'd have seemed, except everything he said
 Was kinda vague, like he
 Knew this stuff was important,
 But didn't care any more. We stopped
 Talking soon, and walked while
 Being quiet through the woods that were quiet.
 Then, after we turned, we went through a field,
 And got to some cottage. I knocked on the door,
 And told whoever lived there they had to take care of this bloke
 Because he was poor and didn't have any friends probably,
 And was running late and sick,
 Now that I knew he was off my hands
 And doing okay, I got on his case about loitering
 Around on the roads bothering decent people,
 But instead ask people for money and favours
 Whenever he needed it.³⁸ Since I was being an entitled prick,

36 We may pause here, to contemplate with wonderment young Wordsworth's
 astounding skills of inductive reasoning; and we may thank him for
 immortalizing this impressive train of thought.

37 It is, indeed, always surprising when you invite a person to walk with you
 and you discover, to your astonishment a few lines later, that they are
 walking with you.

38 An interesting hodge-podge of utterly contradictory and condescending
 advice – a perfect representation of the uncomprehending, insulting,
 unrealistic, and impossibly self-contradictory advice always doled out to
 the poor by the spoiled scions of the Bourgeoisie. Willie's solution is

He looked at me blankly,
And said, "I only trust God
And strangers randomly walking by!"

Whoever lived here opened the door,
And the soldier saluted them
While his hands were skinny, and he said quietly,
In a way that showed he was in a better mood
Than before, he said thanks; I left
Saying goodbye after he said I was special,
So we never saw each other again.³⁹ But I looked back,
And hung around the door for awhile,⁴⁰
Then went home.

precisely what we might expect from a young boy destined to become rich writing poems to aristocracy and tyranny, as Poet Laureate for the most powerful Monarchy on earth: not to take care of the poor man himself (or appeal to his own well-off family), but instead to shove the responsibility on random subsistence-farmers probably barely scraping a living off the soil themselves (assuming the enclosure acts which make Willie's nature-walks so idyllic have not already reduced them to abject poverty nearly as abject as that of the discharged soldier) – perfect strangers to Wordsworth, moreover, as it appears; after which he basks in his self-righteousness and is still patting himself on the back for it in verse decades later.

39 Yet Wordsworth's act of imperiously ordering a perfect stranger, barely struggling to survive, to hand over food and goods to another, even poorer person, then delivering a condescending sermon to a veteran twice his age before dancing over the hill-tops back to his own well-off home, will always remain as a beacon of selfless charity, self-sacrifice, and beatitude.

40 In other words, he walked away from the door, but then was suddenly still in it somehow, and turned to look back at it through the intervening distance that, apparently, does not exist since he's still standing in the door, yet also must exist since he walked away from it. Wordsworth has odd conceptions of how time and space work, it seems.

Thus Ends the Fourth Part.

Stay tuned for the next exhilarating installment:

**WORDSWORTH
READING STUFF!!!**

THE PRELUDE

of William Wordsworth, as
Translated into EVEN-MORE-BORING-&-TRITE
BY FAST SEDAN NELLSON, ESQ.
Translator Extraordinaire!

I LIKE IT I THINKS ITS VERY GOOD HE TALKS LIKE ME AND
I LIKE HIM FOR IT."

*-Viscount Lothario Crabappleton, secret panel judge of the
National Book Awards, Pulitzer Prize, and Newberry Awards.*

"Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the 'Excursion.'
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect."

-George Gordon, Lord Byron, a rampant rascalion.

"Wordsworth says what I pay him to say. I say he's a good poet."

-The King and/or Queen of England

"I acknowledge myself to have been long alienated from
Wordsworth; sometimes even I feel a rising emotion of hostility –
nay, something, I fear, too nearly akin to vindictive hatred."

*-Thomas De Quincey, his ex-friend &
long-time ally (but fuck 'im anyway)*

"Wordsworth can suck it."

-A certain ferryman living near the Poet's childhood home.

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